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# LIFE



"OFFICER, ARREST THAT MAN! HE'S RUNNING AWAY WITH MY DOG."

## That Warivitch.

I.  
THE Russian, way out Eastivitch,  
He wears a sealskin capski,  
His pants are lined with woolivitch,  
His socks are pure burlapski.

II.  
But he's a foxy guyivitch,  
An all-round diplomatski.  
He winks the other eyeivitch,  
And talketh through his hatski.

III.  
He wants to be the starivitch,—  
The chorus and stage-handski.  
He wants to run the showivitch,  
And also lead the bandski.

IV.  
The Japanese is smallivitch,  
But doesn't give a damski.  
He knows he has the goodsivitch,  
And that he is no hamski.

V.  
He sticks not out his chestivitch;  
He's always standing patski.  
There's trouble in the airivitch  
When he gets at the batski.

VI.  
The Russian ought to knowivitch  
It's never safe or wiseski  
To judge of anythingivitch  
Just merely by its sizeski.

VII.  
But he will learn this soonivitch;  
The Jap will teach him wellski.  
His Irish now is upivitch,—  
He'll give the Russian hellski!

*Joseph Van Raalte.*

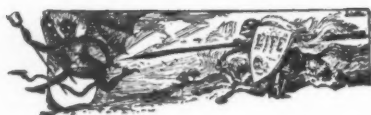
## Mystery.

THE origin of the learned professions  
seems to be a mystery.

For, health being made a mystery,  
we have the medical profession.

Justice being made a mystery, we  
have the legal profession.

Finally, salvation being made a  
mystery, we have the clerical pro-  
fession.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE Philippines Independence Committee is an extremely respectable body. Its list of forty-two members includes such men as Judge George Gray of Delaware, C. F. Adams of Massachusetts, President Schurman of Cornell, President Eliot of Harvard, Railroad President W. H. Baldwin,

Bishop Potter, Bishop Spalding of Illinois, Andrew Carnegie, R. Fulton Cutting, Hoke Smith, Wayne MacVeagh, Mr. Howells and thirty other gentlemen of note and influence. It is circulating petitions "urging upon the approaching national conventions the adoption of resolutions pledging to the people of the Philippine Islands their ultimate national independence upon terms similar to those offered to Cuba." This petition deals with a ticklish question. It is brought forward by influential men at a suitable time. It is moderate in what it asks for. It simply wants a count of noses on the general proposition whether we want to keep the Philippines indefinitely as a colonial possession, or prefer to turn them loose as soon as they are fit to shift for themselves. No member of the present Administration is likely to touch this petition with a ten-foot

pole. Secretary Taft says it would be a mistake for any convention to go further than to declare that it is the Nation's duty to do everything that can possibly be done to increase the prosperity and happiness of the islands. He is sure that if we now promise ultimate independence to the Filipinos, a delegation will start at once to inquire whether that independence is to come in six months or a year. That seems altogether likely. If the independence petition gathers strength enough, it will agitate the Filipinos and make the work of licking them into shape more difficult. We don't suppose it will do the Filipinos any immediate good, and for the time being it may do them much harm.

But how about the Americans? Is it not due to them that they should have a chance to speak their minds and declare their ultimate intentions in this matter? If we had not been artfully pledged to let Cuba go, we would doubtless still be holding that valuable island by an armed force. If we wait till the Philippines are fit to be free before we promise to free them, will the time to give our pledge ever come?



THE truth is, the habit of owning the Philippines is growing on us. We are getting used to spending money on them and calling for more warships to safeguard them. Every year that we defer assurance of their final independence, that independence becomes less likely except as the result of successful rebellion. The habit of owning the Philippines is just as likely to grow on us as it was to grow on Spain. It is not, and never will be, a profitable habit. If we are ever to break ourselves of it, it may be that we should begin betimes and take resolute action.

It may be too late as it is. A considerable body of American voters has never had any intention from the start of letting go of those islands. Another considerable body does not care a hill of beans whether we keep them or not, or how we govern them. Before the assurance of ultimate independence can be given, the opposition of the first of these bodies and the inertia of the

second must be overcome. That is a good deal to accomplish, but the force that may possibly accomplish it is well represented in this Philippines Independence Committee.



WILL either national convention adopt the committee's plank? The Republican Convention certainly won't, if it nominates Roosevelt. The Democratic Convention may see a useful issue in the suggestion and adopt the plank, and invite Grover Cleveland or Judge Gray to stand on it; but we doubt if it does. It is an unseasonable question to agitate now, but it will always be unseasonable, and the longer it is deferred the more unseasonable it will be. If Judge Taft could be appointed Sultan of the Philippines, to reign as long as his conduct was good, no doubt it would be helpful to the islands. Whether Roosevelt or some one else is President, no doubt the Philippines will get good care as far as the President can assure it. But it is on the will of Congress that the prosperity of those islands must depend, and Congress is a big, two-headed, distracted body, constantly assailed by selfish importunities, unwieldy, forgetful, neglectful and irresponsible. Remember, the alternative to self-government for the Philippines must always be government by Congress, and the Philippines are ten thousand miles away, and the Filipinos can't vote for Congressmen and never will.



THEY have been hanging negroes and having race-riots and calling out the militia in Ohio. We have long been convinced that Ohio was imperfectly fit for self-government, and that competent hands should be employed to build up for that State an effectual system of common schools. What Ohio and such other wild communities need is a diffusion of popular education. Nothing else can induce the self-restraint, patience and calmness of judgment which are essential to order in a self-governing community.



# Heart to Heart Talks.

BY GENERAL WOOD BE GOOD.

*Dear Little Boys and Girls:* Wouldn't you all like to be a soldier? Not a real, genuine, behind-the-times soldier like West Point used to make, but a nice, wire-pulling, suave, pleasant, White House soldier like me? Well, children, you may all be one, if you really want to be. Don't be discouraged, no matter what happens. When you grow up, and fail in battle, and don't keep your promises, and are generally incompetent, never mind. Don't be discouraged; you may yet be at the head of the army, if you have a warm personal friend in the White House.

This, dear children, is the secret of success. First be sure of a warm, personal and hot-headed friend in the White House, and put your trust in Providence. You will win out every time.

I am glad to be here to-day. I want to say what is really and truly in my heart, and I cannot do this in public just now, because I have been advised to keep silent. It is best to preserve a death-like silence, dear children, until you are really and truly at the head of the army. Then you can talk all you want to. Traditions are all in your favor; your country demands it. I only hope I shall be able to talk soon.

I have only one regret about this whole affair, and I can whisper it to you, knowing that it won't go further. I don't mind my own rise in life, or that the Oyster Bay lightning struck me just when it did. I can stand a certain amount of prosperity, but I'm sorry I queered Teddy. Perhaps you won't believe this, dear children, but it's true. Teddy has done noble by me, and I would like to do noble by him. Still, if any sacrifice has to be made, perhaps, after all, it is better for him to make it. He has been President once and knows how it feels, but I haven't been. Perhaps some day I may be—if there isn't another war.

In the meantime, dear little ones, keep away from West Point and the regular army, unless you want to be buried in obscurity.

If you want to be great and famous and a real, fierce head of the army, hurry away to some of our new possessions and acquire a ready reputation. Then cable your warm, personal, hot-headed friend in the White House that your country is calling you, and he will do the rest.

**DYER:** You should be satisfied with what you have.

**MACK:** I would be if I had anything I wanted.



"Teddy has done noble by me."



FROGVILLE SKETCHES.

A WEDDING IN THE SMART SET.



**M**R. AND MRS. STILOR NUTHEN are booked to sail on the *Sickia* for the first of June. She is her father's daughter, and is also the niece of her own aunt.

Mrs. Dressta Kyll comes of an old and talented Southern family who have always mixed their own cocktails. Her father, Colonel Kubb, smokes thirteen cigars a day. He believes in odd numbers.

Miss Tootsie Wootsie is looking very stunning these days in a brown velvet suit, which exactly suits her blonde beauty. Brown is a very trying color, but Miss Wootsie's complexion is very pretty and can stand some shades that would make other girls frights, doncher know.

Miss Googoo Looley is another of our young ladies who wears velvets a great deal. She is considered the best dressed of the unmarried Looley girls.

Mrs. Hoaley Horra always is gowned very elegantly, but then she has an unlimited purse behind her. She looks particularly well in her new chinchilla coat and hat. The coat is made very full and long, and when Mrs. Horra wears it she looks just too sweet for anything.



AN HONEST YOUNG MILKMAN ONCE  
STARTED A CO.  
TO SELL MILK WITHOUT WATER — HE  
SWORE HE'D NOT FO.  
BUT ALL FAITH IN HIM LOST,  
SO HIS SCHEME WAS A FROST,  
AND HIS SHARES ON THE MARKET THIS  
CHAP COULDN'T DO. !



Mrs. Ammi Initt is one of New York's most popular society leaders. She entertains lavishly and belongs to a distinguished family, her brother being one of the best judges of dry champagnes in the country. She sleeps with her eyes shut.

### Strategy.

**A**RLINE was not beautiful, but she had a native grace, and every night except Sunday night her salon was packed with the élite of Anaconda, who deemed it a rare honor to be asked to drop around and see her roll in her untold wealth.

Now the family were coming East to live. Presently they beheld the frowning battlements of New York, beyond which glittered the domes and minarets of their dreams.

"The place is impregnable," said Arline's mother, with a shiver.

"From this side," said Arline, quietly.

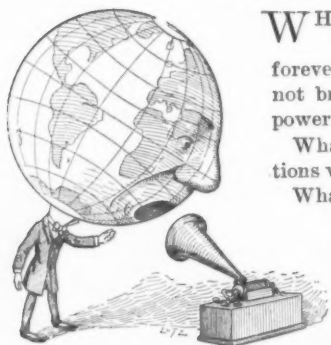
Making a wide detour, they journeyed to Europe and burned money till the capitals of the old world were intoxicated with the incense.

Then they came home.

"New York is easy," said the gray old mother, a day or two later.

"Yes," said Arline, now Madame la Comtesse, with a happy smile.

### A Twentieth Century International Catechism Lesson.



**W**HAT is the first duty of a nation?  
To glorify itself and serve itself forever, and by any means which may not bring it in conflict with a more powerful nation.

What are Christian nations? Nations with large armies and navies.

What is a treaty? A solemn agreement between two or more nations, which the weaker are in honor bound to obey.

What is arbitration? A means of settling disputes between nations so equally

matched that one is afraid to go to war and the other does not dare to.

What is Benevolent Assimilation? The process of adapting the resources of the weak to the benefit of the strong. It is practiced by lions and tigers towards lambs and deer, and by Christian nations (see def.) towards barbarous and semi-civilized peoples. Also sometimes known as the Spread of Civilization. The most efficient and generally used instruments for this beneficent process are missionaries, rum, and rifles.

What are rules of war? Certain humane regulations which are binding on all civilized nations not engaged in actual warfare.

When is a rebellious province entitled to recognition as an independent nationality? Within fifteen minutes from the breaking out of the rebellion, provided it is situated on an Isthmus and the mother country is lacking an efficient army and navy.

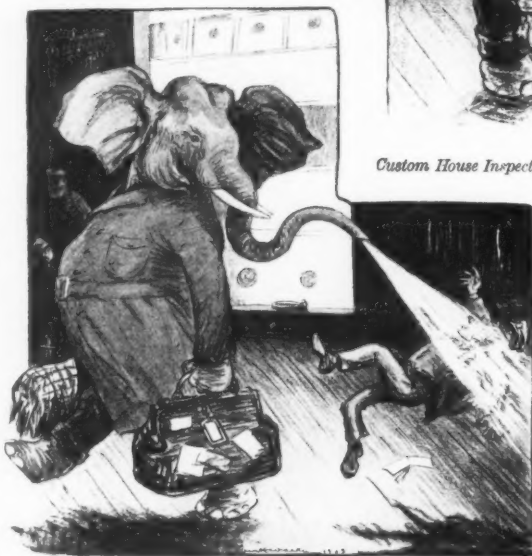
*Edwin J. Webster.*

#### Directions.

**T**HE stranger in town was wandering around somewhat hopelessly when he met one of the oldest inhabitants.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me where Easy Street is?" he said.

"Certainly, sir," said the old inhabitant. "This is Milk Lane. You go along here for a couple of blocks until you come to Kindergarten Place. Then you turn sharply and walk through College Row, or you can go by it if you haven't time. You will then come to Know It All Park,



"TO BE SURE!"



*Custom House Inspector:* I MUST KNOW THE CONTENTS OF YOUR TRUNK.

but don't loiter there. Walk directly through the Park until you come to Experiment Boulevard, being careful to avoid Bottle Alley, Siren Centre or Gambler's Square. Turn from thence to your right—always keep to your right—until you strike Hardship Street. You will know it because it begins with low, scraggly buildings, improving slightly as you go along. Keep straight on."

"And from there how far is it to Easy Street?" asked the stranger, eagerly.

"Well," said the old inhabitant, looking him over carefully, "you seem to be about as good as the average stranger in these parts. You ought to get there in from forty to fifty years."

*Tom Masson.*

#### Enough to Go 'Round.

**"I** SUPPOSE," says the stranger to the patriotic Russian, "that since General Ohowigetoutskiandknockem-aroundskiandpushemofftheroadovitch won his great victory his name is in everybody's mouth in your country."

"Well," answers the patriotic Russian, "part of it is."





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He: SHALL WE TALK OR DANCE?  
"I'M SO TIRED. LET'S DANCE."

### A Letter to a Chaperon.

DEAR MRS. HOUSE PARTY:

I write to you as a matron of discretion and responsibility. If you find my wife flirting with anyone, telegraph me at once; please prepay the telegram. But don't telegraph unless it is necessary, as I have to take a young lady out riding every day, and she really seems to need me. She wrote some very pretty verses to me.

I think for married people to flirt is wicked; besides, they do it so well that it makes an unfair competition with girls. My wife says I can do whatever I like with the girls, but I think you had better not tell her about my young lady;

besides, her husband might hear about it, and husbands get so foolishly jealous. Tell my wife how necessary confidence is between married people, and don't let her see any more men than you can help.

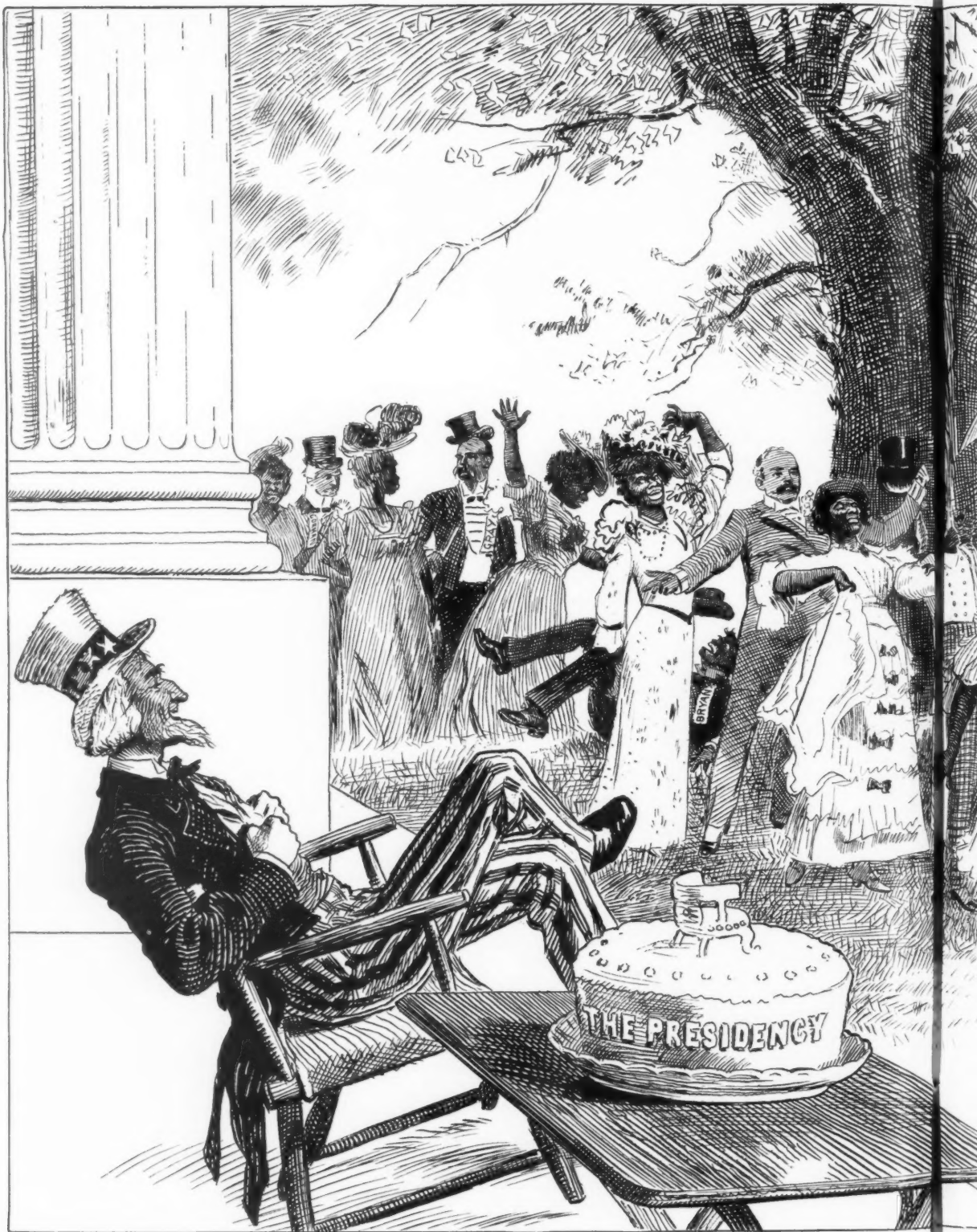
*Bolton Hall.*

P. S.—You might tell her flirtation is a social problem, and then she will have nothing to do with it—she hates social problems.

EVEN in good society we encounter still the high and the low:

high	{ balls, finance, jinks;	low	{ necks, morals, vitality;
------	--------------------------------	-----	----------------------------------

on the level, little, except occasionally the handshake and here and there a game of bridge.





## Reality and Me.

(AN HEGELIAN DITTY.)

I'M a predicate of Reality  
Hanging on by ideality;  
In the Now and Here,  
Caught within its sphere,  
I gain corporeality.

Well I know my entity  
Is but bald nonentity;  
Still, I love to feel  
Freedom from the Real  
In my self-identity.

Till, through respectivity,  
I posit conjunctivity  
(Though purely formal  
And strictly normal  
In the relativity);

And by contact in the This —  
Barest, sweetest, fleetest kiss! —  
Win community  
In the unity  
Of a higher synthesis.

So in final dear caress  
Subject-object coalesce,  
Evermore to be  
Undivorceably  
Linked in mutual Otherness.

H. B. Alexander.



## Shakespeare Still Lives.



AS a measuring-stick for actors, the character of *Hamlet* possesses a value peculiarly its own. To attempt to play it evinces either artistic bravery or inartistic presumption. In the case of Mr. Forbes Robertson the end fully justifies the attempt. His *Hamlet* is not so impressive as that of Edwin Booth, so mechanical as that of Lawrence Barrett, so eccentric as Henry Irving's, so youthful and graceful as that of Walker Whitesides, so gentlemanly as that of Mr. Sothorn, nor so ladylike as that of the Mr. Russell who gained our smiles last spring. It is a nervous *Hamlet*, not a contemplative nor a melancholy one. In this sense it is rather a new conception. It raises the question of whether the *Hamlet* shown in Shakespeare's lines could possibly have been so nervous and so quick of manner and



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON IN "HAMLET."

speech. Mr. Robertson gives the impression that *Hamlet* must have thought out all his speeches and soliloquies carefully, word for word, in advance, and that his sentences spring to his lips ready-made. He was at the university, we know, but he must have been a prize scholar and have devoted his leisure time at Elsinore to deep cogitation and the study of choice language to have his thoughts pour themselves out in the elocutionary torrent which at times describes Mr. Robertson's delivery. Those were weighty reflections which afflicted *Hamlet's* mind, and it seems hardly within the range of credibility that they could voice themselves so pat and so quickly, no matter

how speedy his mental processes, nor how nervous his physical condition. But Mr. Robertson brings to the part virility, magnetism and an unusually musical speaking voice. These make his an attractive and manly impersonation, even if one is often tempted to quarrel with its intellectuality. There is no doubt that he gains our sympathies thoroughly, even if his philosophy makes a less deep impression on our minds than that of other *Hamlets* who dwell more strongly on the reasoning side of the character. Although his readings are faulty, the appeal to the emotions is potent, showing that we are getting more of the artist than of the author.



**I**N the cast there is so much of mediocrity that Miss Gertrude Elliott's rendering of the mad scenes stands out strongly by contrast. In the earlier parts of the play she is rather a pasty *Ophelia*, but later she brings to the depiction of *Ophelia's* dementia unusual pathos and sweetness. Mr. Cosham's *First Gravedigger* is also well done, but the remaining members of the cast must have been selected on some other ground than that of ability. The scenery does not fit the Knickerbocker stage very well and evidently has done considerable traveling.

On the whole, this is an inadequate presentation of the classic, but Mr. Robertson's individual performance is so interesting and *Hamlet* is so much of the play that it is quite worth witnessing.

**N**OT as much can be said for the performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" given by the "Century Players" at the Princess Theatre. It is long since this most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies has been seen in New York, and when it was presented to a new generation of theatre-goers, it was a pity that it could not have been done with a better setting and better acting. Jessie Milward heads the cast, and her *Beatrice*, while for the most part charming and intelligent, lacked lightness. Next to this the *Don John* was noticeable from the distinction given to the part by Mr. Martin L. Alsop. The rest of the acting was commonplace. In the setting the management might profitably have followed the example of Mr. Ben Greet and made some pretext of scholarliness or Elizabethan simplicity take the place of scenery.

Some pretentious claims have been made for the promised accomplishments of the "Century Players." The promise finds performance in a very commonplace and

rather amateurish presentation of a comedy which affords every opportunity for really artistic endeavor.



**T**HE American public is now suffering the natural result of permitting a commercial monopoly—the Theatrical Syndicate—to have complete control of its drama for a number of years. The Theatrical Trust's methods have been so strongly directed to stamping out independent effort, that it seems completely to have strangled ambition in the direction of stage-writing. By its control of theatres and its methods of forcing inferior productions down the throat of the public, it has diverted the rewards of the theatre to creatures of its own making, and now that the public refuses longer to stomach this product it looks in vain for material to supply the playhouses on its hands. The markets of Europe are stripped of everything, possible and impossible, but that source of supply is limited. If the public persists long enough in refusing to patronize the Syndicate's machine-made stars and tailor-made plays, that stupid organization may be made to wake up to its error.

**T**HE belated pedestrian who hears strange noises in the vicinity of Madison Square need not be alarmed nor fancy that he is the victim of delusions caused by vinous indulgence. Sceptical as he may be about this memorable winter's ever coming to an end, he need only remember that that inevitable harbinger of spring—Barnum and Bailey's Circus—is here, and that the strange noises are the roaring of huge lions, the bellowing of countless elephants, and the other noises characteristic of the much-adjected animals whose voracious portraits he may have lately seen on the bill-boards of Greater New York and the neighboring states and territories. It is here in all its majesty of three rings, with their simultaneous kaleidoscopic wonders and attractions. It is difficult to speak of Barnum and Bailey's Circus without drop-

ping into adjectives of five syllables and more, but after all it is best summed up in the very brief statement that when you see this show you at least get your money's worth. You may not be interested in all of the many things you see, but you are bound to see a lot that is interesting or exciting. And for the benefit of the jaded theatre-goer, it is fair to say that it is neither a problem play nor a musical comedy.



Imperial Shakespeare, dead and turned to clay,  
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.

**C**ERTAINLY Shakespeare is just now proving a stop-gap. There is such a dearth of plays of contemporary interest and value that despairing managers have turned to the past for material, and where a little while since Shakespeare was a neglected quantity, he now holds the stages of three Broadway theatres. Time was when New York had a critical appreciation of Shakespeare even among the gallery gods. To-day that critical appreciation seems to have been replaced by a sufferance of Shakespeare with spectacular display and the intelligent gallery god seems to be a lost type. To account for the total disappearance of the gallery god as he used to be might prove the basis of an interesting investigation or speculation.

Metcalfe.

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Belasco*.—Henrietta Crossman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Romantic play handsomely staged.

*Broadway*.—"The Yankee Consul." Comic opera, funny, musical and well presented.

*Criterion*.—Miss Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann." Sentimental, humorous and well done.

*Daly's*.—Edith Wynne Matthison in Shakespearean rôles. Interesting and conscientious performances.

*Empire*.—"The Other Girl." Comedy of contemporary American life. Worth seeing.

*Garden*.—"The Secret of Polichinelle." Disinfected French comedy. Amusing.

*Garrick*.—Katherine Kennedy in "The Ruling Power."

*Herald Square*.—"The Girl from Kay's" continues to be funny and musical.

*Hudson*.—Henry Miller in "Man Proposes."

*Knickerbocker*.—Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in "Hamlet." See above.

*Lyceum*.—"The Admirable Crichton." Satirical and amusing comedy.

*Lyric*.—Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit." Melodramatic version of Norris's story.

*Madison Square Garden*.—The great and only Barnum and Bailey Circus.

*Majestic*.—Return of "The Wizard of Oz." Scenic, funny and tuneful.

*Manhattan*.—"The Virginian." Rather interesting dramatization of Wister's sketches of Western life.

*New Amsterdam*.—Richard Mansfield in repertory.

*Princess*.—"Much Ado About Nothing," by the Century Players. See above.

*Savoy*.—"Raffles" and "The Sacrament of Judas." Kylie Bellew in both pieces. Well done.

*Wallack's*.—"The County Chairman." Comedy of American politics by George Ade. Funny.



THE THIEF  
AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

## Soddet od Sprig.

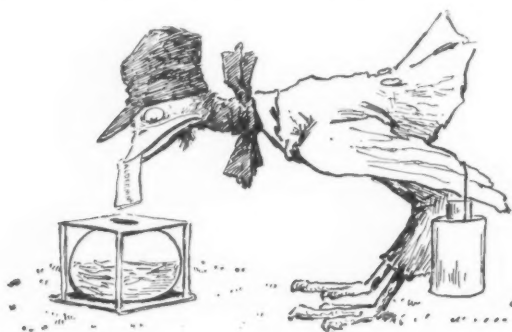
I SIG the joys of soft ad suddly sprig;  
 (I sig them through the dose). A  
 welcob warb  
 We teldder to her spilig, verdial charb;  
 (She deeds the warpth,) the robid's od the  
 wig;  
 The blossobs their cobbiggled seet exhale  
 Upod the air, ad everythig here blows—  
 The pik adebbodee, the pikker dose.  
 The Easter boddet id Dorth-easter gale.—  
 The frogs are id the pod—(ad id the  
 throat.)  
 The yug sprig labkid id the beadow sprigs,  
 (Ah, warb, the all-wool labkid!) Od the  
 breeze  
 A byriad gerbs of idfluedza float;  
 Ad by the stove, id witter fladdel thigs,  
 I ped this soddet ere by figgers freeze!

Rosalie D. Floyd.



IF the title of Eden Phillpotts's novel, *The American Prisoner*, seems to suggest that he has abandoned Cornwall, the suggestion is misleading. *The American Prisoner* is another of Mr. Phillpotts's melodramatic, but admirably controlled, tales set against the background of Dartmoor, the mystery and appeal of whose forbidding wastes this author loves so deeply, and flavored with the dry wit and stony philosophy of the Cornish peasants whom he has made familiar to us all. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

No strawberries imported in glass were ever preserved in a syrup more sugary than the author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress* has poured over the house of Hapsburg in her new volume, *A Keystone of Empire*. The book contains fragments of a biography of Francis Joseph, the interstices being filled with a saturated solution of adulation, and, while there are many entertaining passages in the volume, it is the least spontaneous and the least interesting of her writings. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.25.)



"WELL, HERE'S ONE FOR HONEST GOVERNMENT AND NO FENCES."



HONEY WITH A STING IN IT.

An unusually good story of its class—that of the novel of relaxation, the coequal of the society play and the ball game—is Frank H. Spearman's *The Close of Day*. It is a story of Chicago, embracing the career of a young actress and the misfortunes of a prominent merchant and *viveur*, and Mr. Spearman maintains the illusion of reality with remarkable success and handles a subject usually marred by sensationalism with excellent feeling. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.25.)

How difficult it is satisfactorily to kill off the superfluous husband or wife to clear the way for the final chapter! Some day perhaps the courts of South Dakota will be admitted to fiction, but meanwhile poetic justice and realism seldom prove reconcilable. M. E. Francis, in her musical novel, *Christian Thal*, burns her filibustering lady villain with a bedroom candle, and so concludes a narrative marked by much simple beauty and weakened by a great deal of needless padding. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

Again in *Henderson*, a three-cornered story of a Missouri surgeon, the friend whom he keeps alive by his skill and the friend's wife with whom he is in love, Rose E. Young is confronted by the same problem, and solves it in a way that brings a disagreeable touch of the morbid into a work showing a decided gift both for seeing and interpreting. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

A Letter.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

Dear Sirs:

Ordinarily the weekly visits of LIFE have been a source of pleasure to me, but your current issue pains me.

There are several things in the pages of your "St. Patrick's Number" which must be offensive to many of your readers, but there is nothing inside the cover of that issue to compare with the grossness of the cover itself.

That cover is not a credit to you. Artistically, that is to say, so far as concerns the color-work, it is unquestionably admirable; but the credit for that belongs to your printers. What of the artist? Was it a sense of shame that impelled him to withhold his signature? What of the editor who accepted and approved the design?

You appear, LIFE, to be a cad.

Your cover design is not merely a gratuitous insult to Catholics, but it must offend as well all right-thinking Christians who feel a veneration for the memory of the sainted dead. It must shock all Irishmen, regardless of creed. You are not hitting the Catholics alone. The Protestant Episcopal Diocesan House of this city displays above its door a life-size statue of St. Patrick, and it is not a caricature. Protestant ministers of several denominations, also, have been claiming St. Patrick as their own—*vide* Parkhurst in last Monday's papers. You should not be surprised, therefore, if you find you have stirred up a larger mare's nest than you anticipated.

I am truly sorry that you have blundered so, because you have robbed me of a companionable visitor. I shall have to ask you to cancel my subscription.

If it is your custom to rebate a portion of the prepaid subscription under such circumstances, I would request you not to forward the amount to me, but to apply it to that excellent charity of yours, your "Fresh Air Fund."

You might credit the amount in your list of contributors: "Cancelled Subscription to LIFE, \$—," if you wish.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

Thos. A. Daly.

CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES PUB. CO.,  
PHILADELPHIA, March 1.

It is a curious fact, in which readers of LIFE will be interested, that Mr. Maxfield Parrish's delightful picture of St. Patrick on the cover of a recent issue of LIFE has given offense not only to Mr. Daly, but to a number of



SHAKY AS TO GENDER.

Old Gentleman: YOU'RE A FINE GIRL, MY DEAR—AND IS THIS YOUR LITTLE BROTHER?

Small Girl: YETH, MA'AM—Y—YETH, THIR.

"AND WHAT'S HIS NAME?"

"HITH NAME'TH DOROTHY."

other Irishmen. Not being able ourselves to find anything offensive in the picture, we asked an Irish Catholic friend if he could explain what the trouble was. He said that though most Irishmen had a sense of humor, when you did find an Irishman who lacked it, there was no man more pitifully incapable than he of comprehending what humor was. It must be that our correspondent above has this defect, and has it in extreme measure. No doubt Roman Catholics take their saints more seriously and reverently than the rest of us do. We believe they pray to them. But suppose they do, why should that picture of St. Patrick give offense? To be sure, it is

full of humor. To be sure, it is a gentle caricature of Celtic lineaments and so not accurate as a portrait, for St. Patrick was not a Celt. But it is a picture of a good saint. It shows in a contemplative attitude a man who is sweet, kindly and wise; his face bright with such thoughts as dwell in the minds of men who love their fellow-men.

We offer Mr. Daly our condolences on his intellectual defects, which are doubtless congenital and not to be repaired. But as for Mr. Parrish's St. Patrick, he is a lovable man and a good saint. We have no apologies to make for him.

Editor of LIFE.



THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE.

Yoyfully, yoyfully,  
Yoyfully onward,  
In dis har walley of death  
Rode the sax hundred!  
It ban a cinch, Ay tenk,  
Some geezer blundered,  
"Hustle! Yu Light Brigade!  
Yump!" Maester Olson said;  
Den in the walley of death  
Go the sax hundred!

Cannon on right of dem,  
Cannon on left of dem,  
Cannon on top of dem,  
Wolleyed and t'undered;  
Smashed vith dis shot and shal,  
Dey ant do wery val;  
Most of dem ketching hal—  
Nearly sax hundred!

Yes, all dem sabres bare  
Flash purty gude in air;  
Each faller feel his hair  
Standing—no vonder!  
Yudas! It ant ban yob  
For any coward slob,  
Fighting dis Russian mob—  
Ay tenk Ay vudn't stand  
Yeneral's blunder.

Cannon on right of dem,  
Cannon on top of dem,  
Cannon behind dem, tu,  
Wolleyed and t'undered.  
Finally say Captain Grenk,  
"Ve got enuff, Ay tenk!  
Let's go and getting drenk."  
'Bout twenty-sax com back  
Out of sax hundred!

Ven skol deir glory fade?  
It ban gude charge dey made—

Every von vondered.  
Every von feeling blue—  
'Cause dey ban brave old crew,  
Yolly gude fallers, too,  
Dis har sax hundred!

—Mihouakec Sentinel.



JUST A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP.

SAID THIS HUNGRY YOUNG SPOTTED GIRAFFE:  
"THIS IS NOT THE WORST FODDER, BY HAFFE!"

AND THE CIRCASSIAN CHAP,  
WAKING UP FROM HIS NAP,  
MUTTERED: "SURELY I HEARD SOME ONE LAFFE!"

EFFIE: Silly! Dolls don't eat anything!  
BERTIE: Don't, eh? Well, that old one of  
yours that I cut open was stuffed chock full of  
breakfast food.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

MABEL: Why didn't you scream when he put  
his arms around you?

ETHEL: I wanted to, but couldn't, and when  
I could I didn't want to.—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

THE PROSAIC AGE.

If dairymaids wore diamonds,  
And shepherds evening dress;  
If "sweetly scented roses"  
Resembled watercress;  
If thrushes ceased to "warble,"  
And skies to "smile in blue;"  
If meadows discontinued  
Whatever 't is they do;

If "bounding ocean billows"  
Should "sweep no more the sands;"  
If all the "moonlit evenings"  
Were in receivers' hands;  
If larks grew pessimistic,  
And every "summer breeze"  
Should join a labor union,  
And rhyme no more with "trees;"

If all the "sturdy peasants"  
Had derby hats and canes,  
And every "lovely landscape"  
Were packed with railway trains;  
If "timid deer" the sidewalks  
Of Broadway should elect,  
And nightingales use language  
Which parrots now affect;

If "gentle lambs" attacked you  
With murderous intent;  
If pigeons came and bit you,  
As "through the land you went;"  
If "rosy dawns" grew scarcer,  
And "blushing girls" extinct—  
Ah, me! poetic fancies  
No longer would be inked.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

FASTIDIOUS.

"The front porch is dreadfully dirty, Maria."  
"Yes, I know. But the new girl says she won't  
wash it off until her trunk comes."  
"And what has her trunk to do with it?"  
"She says she always wears her best stockings  
when she washes porches."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What was it your husband wanted to see me  
about?" inquired Mrs. Newliwed's papa.

"I think he wanted to borrow a couple of hun-  
dred dollars from you," she said. "He's so anxious  
to get out of debt."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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CORK TIPS  
OR PLAIN

Look for Signature  
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"FOWL PLAY."

## Club Cocktails



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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WHISKEY  
IS THE BEST**

SURBRUG'S

## Arcadia

MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

*My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)*

*Before You Start*

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

THE boy sat on the moon-lit deck,  
His head was in a whirl;  
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,  
And his arms were full of girl.—*Tiger*.

DOCTOR: Your wife must keep out of excitement.

MR. BRISQUE: She can't, doctor. She carries it around with her.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

TEACHER: Who was Joan of Arc?

PUPIL: Why—er—Noah's wife. — *Princeton Tiger*.

### INTEREST ON HIS INVESTMENT.

"It took me a long time to wake up," said the banker, "but I am all right now. My piano cost \$750 and nobody played it for three years. I bought an Angelus a month ago, and I wouldn't sell the combination of piano and Angelus for ten times their cost."

MR. AUTOBALM: Can't you stop the thing?

CHAUFFEUR: No; impossible.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, hit something cheap."

—*Judge*.

### CEREAL FOODS

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream.

"I see that somebody says there is no such thing as luck in business."

"He must be one of the lucky ones who have succeeded."—*Exchange*.

### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

DR. PARKHURST'S attention had been called to a morning newspaper account of an interview with his dear old friend, Thomas C. Platt, and particularly to the senator's assertion, "I am in town for business and religion." Then with a contemptuous snort: "Why use eight words when six would do? If Platt's going into religion, it must be for business."—*Argonaut*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.

"AND do you think," he asked, "that men progress after death?"

"Well," she replied, "if they don't, it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—*Chicago Record*.

KNOWING physicians prescribe Abbott's Angostura Bitters to tone up the system—they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.

MANY a rich father has discovered that it is easier to get a daughter off his hands than to keep a son-in-law on his feet.—*Philadelphia Record*.

### THE WISE PHYSICIAN.

"PARDON me, ladies. I am called to the court I can not prescribe individually for you, but don't let that worry you. I prescribe that those sitting on my left go to the seacoast, and those on my right to the mountains."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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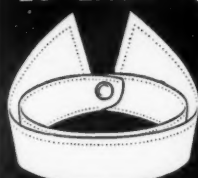
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• LIFE •

March 24, 1904.

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